

Concord, August 11, 1872.

Sunday Afternoon.

Dear Wife - In consequence of obstructions in the street, our horse-car reached the Lowell depot barely in time for me to catch the train, leaving not a minute to spare. Frank had just given up all hope of seeing me till the next train. The ride was a very sultry one. In our car was Chief Justice Chase, with his colored servant and a grandchild. I did not care to speak to him - partly because of his enfeebled condition, and partly because I have long since lost much of the respect I had for him. Several gentlemen came and were introduced to me, to thank me for my letter to Mr. Sumner - among them Rev. Mr. Edwards, Mrs. Cullis's pastor: he was very hearty.

On arriving at Concord, we found Mr. Blanchard waiting for us, and were soon under his hospitable roof - Mrs. B. receiving us with all the warmth of her affec-

ate nature. After tea they gave us an extended ride, and the scenery was equally beautiful and magnificent. On our return a sublime thunder-storm followed, with extremely vivid lightning, and a heavy rain that lasted all night. To-day there is no dust, but the mercury stands at 88. We have occupied the forenoon in another long ride, revealing still more of the sublime and beautiful scenery which everywhere encircles Concord. It is a charming region, and nothing finer need be desired. As soon as this hasty scrawl is finished, we shall take another ride in another direction, unless we are prevented by rain, which now appears somewhat probable.

To-day is Mrs. Blanchard's 43d birthday; and the young daughters took her by surprise by tastefully dressing the dining-room with similar and beautiful flowers. There were several & affectionate presents on the breakfast table from Mr. Blanchard and the children. My copy of Mazzini answered for a remembrance of the day.

Mrs. B. is looking very well, and is very much better than she was when she and her husband were travelling with me in Switzerland. To-morrow (if the weather is fair) they propose going with us to Kearny. On Tuesday we shall go to Wolfsboro', Wednesday to Centre Harbor, and be home that night - but more likely not till Thursday night.

I have not seen Sarah Pillsbury or Helen yet, but they will spend the evening with us, with some other friends. Parker is about home, but whether he will also come remains to be seen. Mr. and Mrs. White are absent from home at this time.

There are many beautiful paintings and engravings in this house, and an extensive and elegant library. Mr. Blanchard has not less than two thousand stereoscopic views! Have I not had a feast!

Frank* sends his affectionate remembrances with mine to all the household. Be careful of yourself.

Your loving W. S. G.

Ms. A. 1.1 v. 8, p. 21A